



UNANSWERABLE.

Pompous Magnate (making speech at public luncheon in provincial town). "SPEAKING OF TRAVEL REMINDS ME HOW GREATLY I HAVE ADMIRERD THE SCENERY ROUND LAKE GENEVA, AND ALSO WHAT PLEASANT TIMES I HAVE SPENT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LAKE LEMAN."

Cultured Neighbour (in audible whisper). "PARDON ME, BUT THE TWO PLACES ARE SYNONYMOUS."

P. M. (patronisingly). "Ah! So YOU MAY THINK, SIR—SO YOU MAY THINK! BUT, FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, I CONSIDER LAKE GENEVA TO BE FAR THE MOST SYNONYMOUS OF THE TWO."

A MUFF.

I WANTED a muff

On an up-to-date scale,
Of some soft fluffy stuff,
With a head and a tail;
So, innocent-hearted I started
To go to a stock-taking sale.

My muscles are tough,
I'm not sickly or pale,
But that shop was enough
To make Hercules quail.
The ladies were gripping and ripping,
Each using her arm like a flail.

My passage was rough,
And as slow as a snail.
In attempting to luff
I was pinned to a bale,
And asked "to mind where I was
pushing"—
By a frowzy and frenzied female.

They ruined my ruff
And twitched off my veil;
The shopman was bluff
When I told him my tale,

And I vowed the next time I played
football
I would wear a costume of chain
mail.

I went home in a huff,
Looking feeble and frail,
Still minus a muff
With a head and a tail—
But my brother politely informed me
I was one, to go to a sale.

O. P. GOSSIP.

WE understand that Mr. TREE has ordered a large consignment of Mr. H. G. WELLS's new cereal, "The Food of the Gods."

The news that the subject of next year's pantomime at Drury Lane is already settled has caused an unusual stir in theatrical circles, and several managers hasten to state that they are not behindhand. The only forthcoming fairy play, however, of which we have received definite information is *Bill*

Psyche the Hoxton Hooligoblin, in which AHMED MADHALLI will play the part of the *Fairy Queen*.

We are in a position to announce that should Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new play *Joseph Entangled* prove successful it will be followed by *Balfour Bunkered* and the *Hyphenly Twins*.

It is rumoured that Mr. J. M. BARRIE and Captain BASIL HOOD are collaborating in a musical play entitled *Little Mary Andersen*.

The first half-yearly anniversary of the publication of *The Daily Mirror* will be celebrated by a performance by the Carmelite Opera Co. of *Alfred Through the Looking-Glass*.

Taking their Pleasure Sadly.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Scotsman* :—

SCENES resulting from the MACEDONIAN ATROCITIES displayed by the Modern Marvel Cinematograph, at 3 and 8. (See Amusement Column)

POPULAR FALLACIES.

NEXT to the habit of searching for hidden specie, nothing is more characteristic of the modern Renaissance of British Energy than the scholarly craving to identify quotations. How significant is the following passage from the *Daily Chronicle* of the 7th instant:

"A discussion has been going on in one of our weekly contemporaries as to the origin of the phrase 'bag and baggage,' it having been suggested that Mr. GLADSTONE invented it during his speech-making campaign against Bulgarian atrocities. It has, of course, been promptly pointed out that the words are SHAKESPEARE'S, coming from *Touchstone's* 'Let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.'"

Mr. Punch, ever anxious to encourage the arduous pursuit of Learning, has here collated a few similar examples of popular superstition, which he desires to dispel by the 50-radium-power shafts of Terewth.

1. "*A Power, not ourselves, that makes for Righteousness.*"—This remarkable phrase has also been attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities above referred to. He is supposed to have used it as a periphrasis for Holy Russia. Actually, however, the phrase was originally patented, for other uses, by the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

2. "*Adorable Dreamer!*"—It was the same distinguished critic who first employed this form of invocation when apostrophising the University of Oxford. The discovery of its comparatively remote origin has naturally shaken the theory that it was first adopted in the early days of 1904 by Lord ROSEBERY when asked to confirm the report that he had joined a coalition under the leadership of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

3. "*The flow of soul.*"—This luminous expression was supposed to have been invented by Sir OLIVER LODGE in a recent lecture on the possibilities of establishing communication with departed spirits. The passage in which it originally occurs has now been unearthed, and from the context, "*The feast of reason,*" it is clear that the author, a Mr. PORK, employed it with a totally different signification.

4. "*Full many a gem of purest ray.*"—A similar discussion in the sphere of metaphysics has been the cause of another literary error, by which the above phrase has been attributed to an admirer of the correspondence lately contributed to the *Times* by Professor RAY LANKESTER. Careful investigation has revealed the fact that these words were originally composed in a churchyard at Stoke by Mr. GRAY some ninety-six summers before the learned Pro-

fessor assumed his notorious Christian name.

5. "*The terrors of his beak.*"—The same poet invented this phrase in reference to the Eagle of Jove. This discovery disposes of the popular belief that it was originally applied to Mr. FLOWDEN by a poetic constable attached to the Marylebone Police Court.

6. "*The Passionate Shepherd.*"—It now transpires that it is to CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE and not Mr. JESSE COLLINGS that this exquisite headline must be ascribed. The actual title of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' tribute of adoration to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was as follows: *The Passionate Couherd to his Love*. His indebtedness to MARLOWE is, however, obvious and beyond repudiation.

7. "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*"—This remark has now been identified as originating with a certain Greek War Correspondent of the name of XENOPHON, who first used it in a work entitled *The Anabasis*. Lord CURZON'S expression "*To Lhasa! To Lhasa!*" is therefore proved to be clearly derivative rather than original, as generally supposed. It is to the Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Sikkin that we are indebted for this scholarly correction.

8. "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*"—Mr. WANKLYN has not been allowed to enjoy for very long the distinction of inventing this phrase to describe the possible progress of Mr. HAROLD COX to the Bradford poll. It has been shown by a member of the Cobden Club that the phrase has nothing to do with political candidature, having been invented by Lord BYRON, whose position as a Peer precluded him from taking any share in Parliamentary elections.

9. To "*cap*" a man.—The recently published *Creevey Papers* have thrown a flood of light upon the origin of a phrase which was wrongly supposed to have been first employed at the Universities in the Early Victorian Period. It appears that one of BLÜCHER'S subordinates, by name WELLINGTON, had acquired an external coating of polish from the French, who always made a habit of taking off their headpieces to the enemy before charging; and that, in conveying an order, at the Battle of Waterloo, to one of the few surviving British regiments, he made use of the remarkable phrase: "*Hup! Guards! and hat 'em!*"

10. "*They have their exits.*"—This statement, being part of an observation made to an interviewer by a member of the L.C.C. (the rest of it running as follows: "but in case of a fire they would probably be bolted"), was supposed to be original: but it has now

been traced to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE by the indignant proprietor of the Elephantodrome. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have often heard it said that British Sport is in a bad way, but we trust the case is not as desperate as the following extract from an advertisement would have us believe:—

OLYMPIA.

"A COLOSSAL EXPOSITION OF BRITISH SPORT."

GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT, THE RUSSIAN LION.	
HACKENSCHMIDT.	HACKENSCHMIDT.
HACKENSCHMIDT.	HACKENSCHMIDT.

A German Socialist editor has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for *lèse majesté* for stating that the German EMPEROR received £2,000 daily for appending his signature to documents. We had no idea the amount was larger.

The sensational announcement which has been made to the effect that Professor PANCOAST, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been conducting the bleaching experiments with the X rays, is already prepared to fit up negroes with permanent white collars and shirt fronts, is premature, and calculated to cause widespread disappointment.

We are glad to hear that our old friend the Zoo is as popular as ever. The new Ape House, we are informed, now contains a Gibbon, an Orang, and three fine Chimpanzees, and is daily crowded with small boys.

It is reported, by the way, that the Gibbon is engaged on a history of the establishment.

"Do we save enough?" gaily asks the placard of a penny paper. This suggestion that we should take care of our pennies comes with admirable force from such a quarter.

Messrs. JOHN ALLAN & Co. have published what we take to be a compendium of the political speeches of the past twelve months. It is entitled, *The "Gas World" Year Book, 1904.*

It speaks volumes for the stolid indifference to danger of the average British merchant that, although the other day an office boy attacked his employer with an axe, only an extremely small proportion of City men are insisting on having their clerks searched before settling down to work.

It is said, however, that in some



THE CHAMBERLAIN ORCHIDSTRA.

[The first meeting of the new Tariff "Commission" is fixed for January 15.]

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establishments there may now be seen, hanging up, a neatly printed notice, consisting of the following words:—

ALL HATCHETS
MUST BE LEFT IN THE OUTER OFFICE.

It has always been the Englishman's pride that no section of the public is denied protective legislation. A Pistols Act has now been passed in the interests of our burglars.

Even in Servia a certain number of persons were horrified at the recent regicide. These are said to be now plotting to kill the present KING.

It is rather annoying to learn from a Russian newspaper that, even if our expedition reaches Lhassa, the revolt of the Lama and his followers against British oppression will end by bringing Thibet into the Russian sphere of influence. It would have been more friendly of the *Peterburgskiya Vyedomosti* if it had pointed this out to us before we had gone to considerable expense in the matter.

Reuter reports that the tents of the British troops in Thibet are daily surrounded by crowds of admiring natives, and it is rumoured that our War Office, which is rapidly acquiring business habits, has telegraphed out that in future a charge of so much a head is to be demanded of all sightseers.

The beauties of Mid-Devon are well known. This veritable Garden of Eden is now represented by EVE.

"The EVE of Dissolution" is what the Radicals are calling the new Member.

If we are to believe *Pearson's Magazine* this is to be a leap year with a vengeance. The current number contains an announcement that all contributions for a Short Story Prize Competition must be sent in by February 31.

A disgraceful attempt is being made to get Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON to start again. The *Daily Mail* declares that a Mr. HARRY HEMS, of Exeter, has written upwards of four thousand letters to the press since 1868, by the side of which Mr. ASHTON's 500 fade into insignificance. No words of ours can express our indignation at a responsible newspaper thus tempting Mr. ASHTON to break a solemnly-made promise.

THE *Rand Daily Mail* of December 11, in recording the constitution of the new Town Council of Johannesburg, says,



NATURAL HISTORY.

EGG. "MOTHER SAYS I'M DESCENDED FROM MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS."

TOM (her brother). "SO AM I THEN."

EGG. "DON'T BE SILLY, TOM. YOU CAN'T BE—YOU'RE A BOY!"

without comment or italics (the italics being a gloss of our own):—

"The character of the Council may be judged from the fact that it consists of six merchants, five directors of companies, two managers of companies, two stockbrokers, two solicitors, two architects, two labour representatives, two builders, one land owner, one mine owner, one administrator of mines, one accountant, one land surveyor, one speculator, and one gentleman."

But what is one among so many?

CHAT FROM CHATSWORTH.—At the excellent amateur performance got up for the amusement of their MAJESTIES by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, last Thursday, it

will be noticed by many a London professional Manager that in this distinguished, decorative and splendidly decorated audience, hardly one among "the house party" came in without an order! This, indeed, was a practical lesson in Free Trade. No question, as in former days, of "orders not admitted after seven." No mention of "Free List suspended." It is a noble example as set by His Grace the DUKE, but whether it will be followed by Sir HENRY IRVING (on his return), and by MESSRS. BEERBOHM TREE, GEORGE ALEXANDER, and CYRIL MAUDE, remains to be seen.

THE UBIQUITOUS GORDONS AND THE INIOUITOUS CLUBBOCKS.

(A suggestion for Chapter One of the projected Serial in Mr. W. T. Stead's new Journal.)

Introduction.—Just seen Preliminary Announcement in *The Daily Paper* of Great Historical Serial Romance of the World's Life, which is "to vitalise the idea of the National Life, and clothe the skeleton outline of facts recorded from day to day, by telegram or otherwise, in the daily papers with the living, throbbing flesh and blood of an actual human interest."

Central idea appears to be to have groups of characters: some "White Knights," who are to be "more or less idealised portraits of actual representatives of the good causes and progressive movements of our time" (and, of course, no connections of the White Knight in "Alice"); "Black Knights," representing "the elements of self-indulgence, cynicism, pessimism, Jingoism," &c.; and "Grey Knights," who are to be "mixed characters." These groups to be distributed between two families; most of the White Knights "members of the family of Lord GORDON of Rockstone"; Black Knights, "largely of the kith and kin of RICHARD CLUBBOCK." When "once the story gets started, it will never end," and "nothing will happen on the surface of this planet that is of sufficient interest to occupy space in the newspapers in which either one or other member of these ubiquitous families will not be quite in the heart of things." The aim being to bring the great World-Drama home to "the Sempstress, the Shopman, the Artisan, and the common-place unimaginative Middle-class."

Sounds magnificent. Unfortunately the Editor despairs of finding the "Journalist-Novelist or Novelist-Journalist" capable of carrying out the conception. Seems to think he may have to evolve him. But is that necessary? May there not be some among us who already possess the necessary qualifications? Why not try my hand at the opening Chapter—just to start the thing? All I have to do is to select a few items of interest from columns of daily paper, string them on to a thread of story which will thrill the Sempstress and the Artisan—and the thing's done. So here goes:—

CHAPTER THE FIRST

"But surely, Sir RICHARD," pleaded Lord GORDON of Rockstone, his noble features flushed with generous enthusiasm as he addressed the head of the house of CLUBBOCK (better make RICHARD a Baronet—baronets always bad in Sempstresses' fiction). "Surely you sympathise with such a cause as mine—a cause which is to"—(Shall leave details to be filled in by Mr. STEAD; not quite sure which particular cause he would prefer Lord GORDON to champion).

The Baronet's mean and malignant countenance was convulsed by a Satanic sneer as he gave vent to sentiments respecting the cause in question of so appallingly cynical, pessimistic, and Jingoistic a character that it is impossible to record them in a paper intended for the Home!

"I desire to live in charity with even the lowest of my fellow creatures," said Lord GORDON, with great self-control, "but I feel compelled to remark that such utterances as yours, Sir RICHARD, would be repudiated with horror by the most unmitigated fiend that ever—"

Ere he could conclude the sentence, Sir RICHARD, with a stifled imprecation, felled him to earth.

"I do not intend to hit you back again," said the high-minded nobleman, as he lay prostrate on the priceless Kidderminster carpet. "I shall take it lying down, and, while lying down, I shall be thinking out how I can but do you a good turn!"

[This opening gives the keynote, and as Lord GORDON's last

sentences are founded on a leader in "*The Daily Paper*," they ought to be all right. Now we come to business. First item on my list is a cable stating that "a mobile column has just started to intercept the Somali Mullah, who has declined to come to terms."]

At the same moment, in happy unconsciousness of the unmerited indignity that was being endured by his revered and noble parent, Major the Hon. GRANDISON GORDON, V.C., D.S.O., was superintending the departure of a column across the trackless wilds of a West African desert.

"A gallant force," he said to one of his subalterns; "but shall we succeed in intercepting this Mullah? His strategic genius and consummate skill in evading pursuit are truly phenomenal in a mere native!"

"They say, Sir," said the sub, as he saluted respectfully, "that the Johnny has European blood in him—that his maternal grandfather, in fact, was a renegade Englishman."

"Indeed?" said GRANDISON, with some surprise. "And his name?—Heard you that?"

"I was told it, Sir, but it has escaped me—it was JASPER something—ah, I remember now—JASPER CLUBBOCK."

GRANDISON recalled the name as that of a notorious great uncle of Sir RICHARD's who, after doing his utmost to wreck the fortunes of the House of Rockstone, had fled to the Sahara two generations back, and was reported to have embraced the Mohammedan faith. And so the family feud was destined to be carried on, even in these remote regions! There was something strangely sobering in the thought.

[Here's a striking incident at a Christmas dinner to a thousand aged poor which might be brought in somehow.]

But now we must transport the gentle reader back to a vastly different scene. Never had the stately walls of the Croydon Corn Exchange contained a happier, brighter assemblage than the thousand old and deserving poor who were being regaled beneath its historic roof upon a sumptuous collation. Foremost as ever in all good works, like most female members of the great house of Rockstone, the Hon. GRISELDA GORDON (don't know whether Lord GORDON is a Baron—but if not, perhaps Mr. STEAD will see that she gets her proper title) was carrying plates of plum-pudding with her own fair hands to the recipients, who seemed positively overwhelmed by her condescension.

Noticing that tears were trickling down the furrowed cheeks of an elderly individual who had just received a second helping, GRISELDA gently inquired whether he was dissatisfied with the amount.

"It is not that," was the reply, "but I could not but think of the contrast between my present position and the happy days, now gone for ever, when I built a church at Upper Clapton!"

"And to what," asked the girl, "do you attribute the change in your fortunes?"

"To what?" repeated the old man, as his eyes glowed with sombre fire, "Why, to the diabolical cunning of that double-dyed hypocrite and black-hearted scoundrel, URIAH CLUBBOCK!"

Despite the warmth of the temperature in the hall, a cold chill struck to GRISELDA's very heart as she heard the name. Could she go nowhere without finding some fresh instance of the sinister influence of these baleful CLUBBOCKS?

[What fact shall I take next? Here's a case of shop-lifting in the Police Reports—might involve a Miss SAPHIRA CLUBBOCK in it—perhaps hardly of sufficient interest, though. Let's see if I can't combine two pars—one on the "high price of living at Johannesburg," the other on a "revival in the boot-trade." Think I see my way.]

Little did GRISELDA dream that, while she was engaged in this philanthropic employment, her favourite brother, the Hon. GALAHAD GORDON, was standing in the glaring main street of Johannesburg, ruefully regarding his last sovereign.



QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY.

English Angler, having discovered there are two sorts of Whisky at the Inn (best at 6d., second best at 3d.), orders a glass each of the Sixpenny.

Gillie (in a whisper to the Maid as she passes). "MAKE MINE TWA O' THE THREEPENNY!"

"A sovereign only lasts five minutes here!" he meditated sadly. "And yet I have a strange longing for a little bit of chicken. If I could but obtain one at a reasonable figure!" And, with this intention, he entered a General Store of enticing appearance. But scarcely a minute elapsed before he staggered out into the South African sunshine. "Eight-and-sixpence for a fowl!" he gasped, as he sat down heavily on a convenient stoep. "Is it possible that any man with a human heart in his bosom can be capable of such extortion?"

And then his eye fell on the bloated letters which glittered gaudily above the shop-front, and he ceased to marvel. For the name they spelt was JOSHUA CLUBBOK! Was it mere coincidence that had thus brought him in contact with a member of the family to whom he never remembered hearing his honoured father allude but in terms of the utmost loathing and abhorrence? To distract his thoughts he drew from his pocket a London paper, and as he read the tidings it contained, his face shone with sudden joy. It told him that the black cloud of depression which had so long overhung the boot and shoe trade of his native Northampton (if Lord Gordon's family-seat is not at Northampton, perhaps Mr. S. would not mind making it so?) was lifting—lifting at last! Ah! the unspeakable, the overpowering relief of it! . . .

[Haven't brought in nearly all the news yet. There are fiscal facts—but perhaps safer to leave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN out of it till I'm quite sure whether he's to be a GORDON or a CLUBBOK. Then there's a statement that "The Tzar is learning the Banjo," a collision between two cable-steamers, and a break-down on the District Railway—and a GORDON and a CLUBBOK has to be quite in the heart of it all! . . . Not so easy as I

thought. Can't help feeling myself that the story doesn't seem to get on somehow—general effect a little jumpy. However, I can't help that—I've done my best; not my fault if there are more skeleton outlines than I've time to find throbbing flesh and blood for. And I think Mr. STEAD will admit that I've kept strictly to the Rules of the Game.]

F. A.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Fifth Passage from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes.)

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS.

I ought to have mentioned before that in my lodgings in Baker Street, of which, as I said, the price is £2 a week (lights not included), I possess a heavy accumulation of note-books dealing with the marvellous exploits and super-human career of the most phenomenal detective known to this or any other age. These I propose to publish in various forms from time to time for the benefit of the public which has been good enough to interest itself in my beloved but austere friend's immortal achievements. There will be in the first place a series of ten volumes on "HOLES as a Man." These will be followed after a short interval by twenty of a similar size on the subject of "HOLES in Relation to the Creation of the World," and the matter will be, temporarily at least, concluded by the issue of twelve quarto volumes entitled "Radium: is it HOLES?" When I shall have completed these I shall be able to contemplate with satisfaction my humble share in the epoch-making events

which it is my duty to chronicle. I can promise the public that in absorbing interest no less than in the virile graces of a breezy literary style not one of these entrancing volumes will fall short in any degree of the high standard which, out of a regard for the imperishable memory of HOLES, I have consistently set for myself.

We were sitting one morning in the aforesaid lodgings, little recking of the prodigious occurrences which were even then impending over our heads. There had been a lull in the criminality of the United Kingdom. In fact, the steadily decreasing average of murders and the almost complete cessation of industry in the matter of burglaries and arsons had been causing serious disquiet to the statesmen then at the head of the government of the country. Frauds, embezzlements and mysterious disappearances, to be sure, had maintained themselves more or less at the accustomed level, but even in this department, if you applied the test of volume rather than of values, there were suspicious signs which could not fail to produce uneasiness in the minds of those who refused any longer to be hide-bound by the musty shibboleths of the discredited Scotland Yard school of investigators. HOLES, whose courage even in the midst of these depressing circumstances had never flagged for a moment, and whose serenity of temper and marvellous resourcefulness had endeared him more than ever to the select circle of his intimate friends, did not, of course, conceal from me the extreme gravity of the outlook so far as the criminal production of the country was concerned.

"Potson," he used to say to me, "something will have to be done. We cannot afford to rely for ever on our past. What is the use of talking about GREENACRE, DICK TURPIN, the MANNINGS, PALMER, SWEENEY TOD and THREE-FINGERED JACK! They're dead, friend POTSON, dead and gone, and they've left no successors. France is creeping up to us—the decennial averages prove it—Germany is even now ahead of us, and America is dumping many of her best and most highly finished criminals upon our markets. I ask you, are we to take it lying down?"

To such a question, I admit, I had no answer ready at the moment, nor, had I possessed one, should I have ventured to offer it, for PICKLOCK HOLES was a man not easily diverted from any course on which he had set his heart, and I always judged it better not to affront him needlessly when once I saw that he had made up his mind.

Well, as I say, we were sitting in my rooms in Baker Street. HOLES had his steely eyes intently fixed on a coffee-stain made by me on the table-cloth that morning, and from certain curt interjectional remarks which had been falling from his thin tightly-closed lips I gathered that he was deducing from it by his own unsurpassable methods a widely ramified and diabolical plot on the part of Russian emissaries to assassinate the Mikado of JAPAN. Before, however, he had time to complete the steps of his process and to bring the infamous crime home to the chief of the Russian police, the door of our sitting-room was softly opened and a young girl, tastefully dressed in a short skirt and an ordinary shirt waist with hat to match, stepped, or, I should rather say, sidled into the room. Casting a look full of meaning at HOLES, she subsided into a chair and remained silent, while HOLES, upon whom her arrival had already made a marked impression, half rose from his chair and then resumed his former sitting posture.

"Mr. HOLES," she said at length in a voice of peculiar sweetness, "do you know me?"

"You should not ask such a question, Miss," I interrupted; "PICKLOCK HOLES knows everybody."

"Tush, POTSON," muttered HOLES with some severity. Then, turning to our visitor, he continued, "Proceed, Miss, your melancholy story is not unknown to me."

"In that case I need only tell you, since you know that

they are all deeply in love with me, that *he*"—there was a world of meaning in her utterance of the word—"has followed me hither, and is at this moment in Baker Street."

"POTSON," said HOLES, drawing his chair closer to that of the girl, who still kept her eyes riveted on his, "go outside and deal with this man as I would have him dealt with."

I obeyed, and having passed out through the front door I found a thickly-built and ill-favoured ruffian whistling an operatic air on our door-step. To accost him, to see that he was a more powerful man than myself, to take him to the nearest public-house, and to stand him a cold whisky—all this was the work of a moment. When I returned to the sitting-room HOLES seemed visibly annoyed at my entrance, and even more so at the account I gave of my doings.

"Oh, POTSON, POTSON," he exclaimed, "will you never learn? Forgive me, Miss, I must leave you for a moment. Come, POTSON, and see how the thing ought to be done." Then, having bowed politely to the young lady, he took me with him out of the room.

The burly ruffian was no longer on the door-step, but a rapid deductive calculation and a look up the street revealed him to us about a hundred yards away. HOLES was after him in a moment. In the brisk fight that ensued the girl's persecutor was severely mauled, while the only damage inflicted on HOLES was that a random blow of his opponent's managed to entirely and without redemption split one of my austere friend's best infinitives. We then returned to our home. Alas, the young lady was gone, gone like a beautiful dream—and so were all my best silver spoons, the tea-pot presented to me by the Imaum of KASHMIR, and a massive silver-gilt epergne once the property of GALEN, and much valued by me on that account.

I turned to HOLES for an explanation. His face was quite calm.

"The poor PRINCESS," he said, "is now in safety, Heaven help her. Hers has been a terrible story. Forgive me, POTSON, but it had to be."

"HOLES," I murmured reverentially, "you were never greater and more generous than you are at this moment."

THE FATAL MOUSTACHE.

II.

I WELL recollect my next meeting with MAUDE. It was a Saturday evening, and I fixed the moustache on while waiting on the steps of the house. The servant stared rudely when she opened the door. I was shown into the drawing-room as usual. They were all there, Mrs. SEVIER and MAUDE, and Flo and EFFIE. Mrs. SEVIER at first did not recognise me, though she put up her lorgnettes, but MAUDE said at once, "Why, it's CYRIL with a moustache. What an improvement!" and the others echoed, "Why, yes, what an improvement!" Then, before I could explain, MAUDE rushed me into the little study, and I had never known her so affectionate before. She told me I could have no idea how pleased she was that I had made a little sacrifice for her: she knew that I myself did not want to grow the moustache, but that I had done it for her sake. She declared that it had entirely changed me, and that she loved me more than she had ever loved me before. No one now, she said, could call me ugly. (So they had! Master BON, I doubt not.) "Luckily I have not sent out the photos yet," she went on; "we must be done again," and she took down the large cabinet photo of myself from the mantelpiece, looked at it, laughed at it, and threw it into the fire. "I really don't know how I could have accepted you before," she said. "Why, even you must acknowledge that you were ugly then," and, without waiting for an answer, she kissed me,

and declared she liked the way it tickled immensely.

After that, what was I to do? The way she was taking it was most disconcerting. It was so very different from what I had imagined. It was weak of me, but I felt I must not undeceive her yet. I had not the heart to rob her of an innocent pleasure. Besides, her new mood was so pleasant. I would wait a little.

So, from that day, to my shame—and ultimate confusion—I began to lead a double life. To the world at large I was clean-shaven; to MAUDE I was moustached. I need scarcely say that to a man of my temperament—brought up as I had been—the deception was peculiarly painful. And, on the top of that, there was the growing fear lest I should be found out. The strain soon began to tell on me, so that I wonder my dear Mother did not notice it. Once, actually, I met Mrs. SEVIER in Oxford Street. I hurried by without saying a word, and she did not recognise me. In the evening I had the mortification of hearing her tell MAUDE that she had seen a man exactly like I used to be, only with a nastier expression. This did not make things easier for me.

Every day I intended to tell MAUDE, and every day I put it off to the next. It was so difficult. She was so evidently proud of me now—prouder than she had ever been. She seemed quite different from what she used to be. I did not care to interfere with her happiness. Soon a date was fixed for the wedding, and she had actually almost agreed to our living with Mother, so that she (Mother) could look after us both. She had said anyhow we could try it for a little. Meanwhile I had made up my mind that I would tell her after the wedding.

Then the end came—quite suddenly.

I had brought her a little present of a piece of jewellery that evening. On such occasions she was always especially affectionate. She flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me very, very fondly. That must have loosened it. Later in the evening—she was absurdly childish at times—she began to turn the ends up. I begged her to desist, for I saw what it might lead to, but no, she was obstinate. There may have been a slight struggle. Anyhow, suddenly my mouth felt cold, and the moustache came away in her hand. With a little shriek she let it fall. We both watched the thing as with cruel slowness it flickered to the ground.

I do not propose to reproduce the scene that followed. I am ashamed to say that MAUDE forgot herself. She was rude to me.



THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

Motor Crank (in dark-tinted spectacles). "JUST BEEN CANVASSING. THINGS ARE LOOKING VERY BLACK IN THE COUNTRY."

Lady. "OH, BUT WHY DON'T YOU TRY PINK GOOGLES?"

The next morning there arrived a quite unnecessary letter from Mrs. SEVIER. Later, the moustache came back in an envelope, with the words "You left this yesterday," written in the flap.

Those are the facts.

My Mother has just been down, in her dressing-gown, to remind me to take my drops before I go to bed. Dear Mother! That is just like her. She is always thinking of me. Perhaps, after all, I am better with her to watch over

me. I should certainly have forgotten the drops.

Mother asks me particularly to mention that she is delighted the match is off. And I myself think I should have been sorry to be tied to a person with such a horrid temper. I am nearly sure of it.

Still, I am not quite certain that marriage with her cousin will not be too severe a punishment. Yet, perhaps it may be a lesson to MAUDE, and teach her not to forget herself.



PRECAUTION.

"PENNY CIGAR, AN' A PENNY 'EADACHE POWDER!"

THE M.C.C. JOURNALISTS IN AUSTRALIA.

["A peculiarity of the present English cricketing combination on tour in Australia is the number of its members who are also acting as Press correspondents. Fully half of the team appear to be 'supplementing their incomes' in this fashion."—*Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 7, 1904.]

MR. WARNER's merry men occasionally refresh themselves with a game of cricket—indeed, on two separate occasions, they met and defeated a representative Australian eleven—but such

frivolities are not allowed to interfere with their proper journalistic labours.

Probably no stronger team of ready writers has ever visited antipodean shores, and there is not a man among them who is not in form. WARNER's skill with the pen has always been extraordinary. His up and down strokes are alike brilliant, and he dips into the ink with amazing rapidity. BOSANQUET writes with his head, keeping a good length. RHODES has a way of dropping short sentences now and then which is very puzzling to the reader. Some of

his curly ones are irresistible. HIRST holds his pen loosely, and steps out to the long words with terrible effect. LILLEY has a marked tendency to euphuism—perhaps hereditary.

A few specimens of the team's recent work, describing one of their digressions into the cricket field, all culled from current issues of their respective journals, may be interesting:—

MR. WARNER, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, says that FIELDER's treatment of the Bendigo boys was "beyond praise." He showed himself more than ever a "sterling bowler."

MR. BOSANQUET, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, refers to HAYWARD's Bendigo innings as a "tip-topper." "It is doubtful," he adds, "if a better innings was ever played."

MR. FOSTER, writing in the *Jermyn Street Gazette*, deprecates praise of his own great innings. All the while, he says, he was "longing to get back to his desk and telegraph forms."

LILLEY, writing in the *Warwickshire Clarion*, joins in the chorus of eulogy of Mr. FOSTER's innings. "It was great," are his graphic words.

KNIGHT, in an interesting letter to the *Leicester Lynx*, remarks on the climate of Australia. It is, he says, "hotter than home for the most part, but sometimes not so hot."

HAYWARD, writing to the *Oval Oracle*, speaks enthusiastically of Mr. WARNER's captaincy. "A little bit of all right," he calls it, in a vivid phrase.

ARNOLD, who acts as correspondent of the *Worcester Sauce-bottle*, is struck by the likeness of the Australian men and women to those of his own country. "They are unmistakably of the old stock," he writes.

RHODES has a similar comment in the *Bramall-Lane Advertiser*. He also speaks of Mr. FOSTER's great innings as "immense."

RELF, writing in *Sussex Snippets*, paints the rigours of the voyage with much feeling. "We were all in the pavilion most of the time," he says. "They had forgotten to put the heavy roller over the sea."

TYLDESLEY, in the *Old Trafford Times*, refers to Mr. FOSTER's great innings. "Three or four other innings like it," he writes, "and the other side would have had less of a look-in than they had."

STRUDWICK, writing in *W.G.'s Weekly*, points out that the grass on Australian pitches might be growing in England, "so little difference is there in the colour and size of the blades."

From these extracts it will be seen that, whether or not the M.C.C. team brings back the "ashes," English journalism is gaining some valuable and industrious recruits.



THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

BRITANNIA (*Owner of Yacht, to CAPTAIN ARTHUR BALFOUR*). "WOULD IT BE INTERRUPTING YOU TO ASK IF WE ARE AS WELL PREPARED AS USUAL?"



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EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

II.

THE scene is a small room in Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE's slightly palatial dwelling. On the table a few books, arranged with resolute carelessness. A bulbous portrait of Mr. WATTLE, who is pointing with demonstrative forefinger to the blue-print of a mine, hangs over the fireplace. BUFFIN throws open the door and announces to the empty room, "Mr. MARCEL TORLISK." Mr. TORLISK enters as unconsciously as if surrounded by a hundred eyes, of whose gaze a high self-respect bade him seem unaware. He walks straight to the table, takes up a book, and on seeing the author's name puts it down with a restrained yelp. He stands before the fire and takes out his watch. Mr. WATTLE appears in the doorway and looks inquiringly at Mr. TORLISK.

Mr. Wattle. Have a chair, young man. What can I do for you to-day?

Mr. Torlisk. Nothing for me, nothing for me, Mr. WATTLE. It is I who minister to you. I come from Mrs. CAY.

Mr. W. O, to be sure. And what may your line be? I've seen so many of you fellows, I'm getting rather mixed.

Mr. T. At the request of Mrs. CAY I have come to talk to you for five or ten minutes about pictures, in which your house does not seem to abound.

Mr. W. Fire away, young man.

Mr. T. You wish to buy a few paintings, I believe?

Mr. W. Sure!

Mr. T. Ah! . . . Well, the usual thing—and I employ this expression in neither an eulogistic nor a dyslogistic sense—the usual thing for an American millionaire is to be guilty of Schreyerei.

Mr. W. Steady, there. Let's have your notions without the tinfoil.

Mr. T. I mean, to buy a painting by SCHREYER.

Mr. W. Yes, I've heard he *does* have the call.

Mr. T. And then a picture by MONET. Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not classing SCHREYER and MONET together—not for a minute. Tired as I am of the ordinary stereotyped Monet, I yield to none in my admiration for parts of his work. For example, take some among his paintings of London fog, masterpieces little known and less appreciated. If you have set your heart on one of these, I shan't say no.

Mr. W. (with resignation). No, I guess you'd say a lot more than that.

Mr. T. Pardon? . . . As I was saying, have your Monet, if you must, have your Schreyer, have even your Ziem, but . . .



BEAU NASH AND THE FOREIGN INTRUDER IN THE "PUMP ROOM."

DISGUST OF BONE-ASH (CALCIUM PHOSPHATE) ON FINDING THAT THE LITTLE PARVENU UPSTART, MONSIEUR RADIUM (DISCOVERED BY MADAME CURIE) IS ALSO PRESENT IN THE THERMAL SPRINGS OF BATH—IN SPITE OF THE MOST STRINGENT AND EXCLUSIVE RULES TOO!

["The Hon. R. J. STRUTT has detected the presence of radium in the waters of Bath." "The reason why the presence of radium is easily detected in spite of the smallness of the proportion present, is that the tests are so exceedingly sensitive." "Calcium is predominant in the thermal springs of Bath."—Daily Papers.]

Here Mr. TORLISK, breaking off, looks upon Mr. WATTLE, and smiles as one who would make his face subtly suggestive of great things.

Mr. T. Mr. WATTLE, have you ever considered the ground-floor aspect of art?

Mr. WATTLE gazes dejectedly about the room, as if faintly hoping to find an answer to the puzzle.

Mr. T. Have you ever thought of the fascination, the honour, the glory of dealing in æsthetic futures? . . . You see I adapt my language to your understanding . . . Do I, may I, hope you find my mysterious excitement a little—*O, si peu*—contagious?

Mr. W. (after he has spat accurately into the fire). Young man, I don't catch your drift.

Mr. T. Be careful what you say! You may chill me! Listen. Many years ago a young man named CLAUDE MONET was unknown, unregarded, unbought, unsought. No picture of his hung on the walls of the rich, no . . .

Mr. W. Wa'n't he born yet?

Mr. T. Sh! . . . No picture by him

. . . There, that phrase has escaped me. Let us pass on . . . And in those days a connoisseur, one skilled to know beauty in its bud, began to buy the pictures of MONET and of MONET's friends. He bought those pictures cheap, he kept them long, he sold them—those he cared to sell—high, very high. Mr. WATTLE, Mr. WATTLE, you can, if you will, imitate that man and gain his fame.

Mr. W. Well, you find a Monet cheap and I'll buy it. Cheapness no bar.

Mr. T. No, no. I mean this. There are in the world, at this moment, painters who are not yet the fashion, but who will be before a great while, as any competent appreciator will tell you. Men like PUTZ and LUCIEN PISSARO, who will have the vogue, whom even the public will call great, in twenty years. Buy them now, when they can be bought at a fair price, and in twenty years you will be known as a patron of art.

Mr. W. They ain't Americans? You're sure?

Mr. T. Americans! Do you suppose me capable of asking an American

millionaire to buy American paintings? My dear Sir, I take umbrage at that.

Mr. W. Well, I don't know, after all. I'm not sure as I'd mind giving our boys a show. And there'd be no duty to pay on their stuff.

Mr. T. Really? Your unconventional-ality will carry you to such lengths? For years, Mr. WATTLE, I've been in search of a millionaire like you. Why, I'll make you immortal!

Mr. W. Humph! I reckon I could name a certain gold mine that's done that already.

Mr. WATTLE moves his cigar along his mouth, without the aid of his hands, from corner to corner.

Mr. W. Young man, when you began to talk I wondered why Mrs. CAY sent such queer cattle here. But you're not so bad. Your idea is to have me buy some things by these fellows and then sit on my purchase?

Mr. T. In essentials, yes, that is my suggestion.

Mr. W. And in twenty years I'm to be known as a patron of art?

Mr. T. As one of our foremost patrons of art, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. W. Very good. I'll think it over. Meanwhile, I'll take an instalment of my reputation. Go and buy me something that's not too far ahead of the push. Sorry to have you leave.

(To be continued.)

AZURE PROSPECTS.

A SELF-STYLED "chromoscopist" foretells that 1904 will be a blue year (as if 1903 wasn't blue enough!) At least, the colours of success will be the deep blue tones, such as royal blue and cornflower blue, without going into the lighter or the darker shades. Mr. *Punch's* Own Obscurantist has therefore prepared the following forecast, month by month:—

January.—If the thermometer is below freezing-point, noses, and also fingers, will be blue. A blue-blooded aristocrat will gain the hand of a rich American heiress.

February.—Blue-eyed young ladies will receive much attention about the middle of this month from susceptible bachelors, spring poets, artists and others. Dairy-men will reap some temporary advantage from the sale of sky-blue milk.

March.—Some stir may be expected in political circles, and true-blue Conservatives, who are anxious to make up their minds on the Fiscal Question, will be deeply immersed in Blue Books. Cheese will be exceptionally blue at this juncture. The Boat Race will result in



URGENTLY INVITED TO THE PLATFORM BY LORD ROSEBERY.

Chorus. "A-A-A-H, WELL DO I REMEMBER,—WELL DO I REMEMBER.—WELL! THERE NOW, BLEST IF I AIN'T A'GONE AND CLEAN FORGOT IT!!"

"It would be more use to the cause of Free Trade, if those who remembered those days, however old they may be, or however unaccustomed to public speaking—if they were to appear on the platform and say in a few pathetic words, as they would do, what they remember of the days of Protection."—*Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh.*

a victory for one of the contestants, though subsequent encounters this year between the rival Blues will probably end in draws, neither the light nor the dark shades portending success.

April.—Will be remarkable for the appearance of blue sky between the showers. Christ's Hospital boys will wear their accustomed uniform, and the same prediction holds good of the Royal Horse Guards, policemen, and members of His Majesty's Navy.

May.—Bluebells may be looked for in almost all the wooded parts of the country. Many blue tits also will be observed throughout the length and breadth of the land, engaged in nesting operations.

June.—A large consumption by washerwomen of a well-known commodity may safely be relied upon during this month. Several engagements are in prospect for the various Blue Hungarian Bands in London and elsewhere.

July.—Will be a good season for blue butterflies. Many blue-bottles will delight the householder with their merry buzz and friendly little ways.

August.—The sea, with the kind co-

operation of the Clerk of the Weather, will be of a deep blue colour in parts. Peacocks' tails will exhibit the same phenomenon.

September.—A large number of holiday-makers will "blue" their money on the Continent, and persons of linguistic ability will return with their vocabulary enriched by such expressions as "Parbleu," "Ventrebleu!" and the like. The air will thus be blue on occasion.

October.—Will mark the reassembling of "blue-stockings" at the respective ladies' colleges. Teetotalers will be distinguished by a piece of blue ribbon in the coat-lapel.

November.—Turquoises may now be worn with success by the wives of the well-to-do who possess these jewels. Much blue china will be in evidence in the cabinets of connoisseurs of this article. Many blue devils will arise from the London fog.

December.—The favourite pantomime will be *Bluebeard*. The Christmas festivities will be fitly terminated by doses of the familiar blue pill. Prospects will be blue, as usual.



TROUBLES OF A WOULD-BE SPORTSMAN.—NO. 2.

Huntman (to W.R.S.). "JUST 'OP ACROSS, WOULD YE, SIR, AND TURN THOSE 'OGS TO ME, PLEASE."

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VIII.—DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

PRESENT.

*Mr. John Trundley of Peckham (in the chair.)**Mrs. Earle.**Sir Henry Thompson.**Mr. Fortnum.**M. Benoist.**Mr. Bernard Shaw.**Sir Lewis Morris.**Dr. Farquharson, M.P.**Prof. Ray Lankester.**Rev. J. M. Bacon.*

Mr. John Trundley (in the chair.) Speaking *ex cathedra*, as one would say, and not in my official capacity as the Fat Boy of Peckham with a desire to make your flesh creep, I must say that this is a question that cannot be too much discussed. Do we or do we not over-eat? Now—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. There is to the intelligent man only one answer. Of course we do. That is to say, of course every one else does. England over-eats steadily, day and night. Hence the absence of super men and super women, super girls and super boys.

Mr. John Trundley. O Mr. SHAW, type of true gluttony kept under! Surely there is present one super boy. How much superer would you have me? You should see my arm-chair at home.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Not super boy but super-fatted boy. You should try protein biscuits and hard thinking.

Mr. Fortnum. *A propos* of hard thinking, my friend MASON asked me an excellent riddle this morning. What is the difference—

Sir Henry Thompson. A dinner party regaled only on protein biscuits would not, I venture to think, be an exhilarating function. Over-eating may be bad, but in my belief it is not so harmful as over-heating.

Rev. J. M. Bacon. I quite agree. Closed windows are the dickens. I keep my balloon most carefully ventilated. And this reminds me that to the balloonist a large meal can sometimes be of the greatest service. The other day, for example, I wished to descend in a hurry from one of my flights, but found that the escape valve would not work. There was nothing for it but to eat a huge lunch and so weight myself that I acted as the required extra ballast and caused the balloon to alight gracefully in the middle of the Round Pond.

Sir Lewis Morris. But surely—

M. Benoist. The story is true, I assure you, gentlemen. I myself supplied the intrepid aeronaut with the collation.

Dr. Farquharson. Over-eating is not to be universally condemned. The physical deterioration to which I have

recently drawn attention in the *Times* is largely due to an insufficient dietary. I am all for a free breakfast table, but I would not pamper the proletariat with plovers' eggs, or furnish recruits with a messing allowance to squander it on caviare, whatever their General might eat.

Sir Lewis Morris. Food should not merely be attuned to the environment, but to the character of the mental effort. For lyric flights I recommend ortolans, for the heroic couplet brandy and porterhouse steaks.

Mrs. Earle. Variety should be the note of an enlightened diet; not necessarily abstinence from flesh foods. Milk is essential; nightcaps of milk from the cocoanut are now in fashion amongst the best people.

Sir Lewis Morris. Speaking as the Hades of an epicure, I strongly insist on the necessity of making diet harmonise with environment. When during the composition of my *magnum opus* I lived on the Underground, I subsisted entirely on truffles, tubers, and other roots, washed down with subcutaneous injections of coal tar.

Mr. Fortnum. Returning to my friend MASON's riddle, What is the difference, he asked, between—

Sir Henry Thompson. Over-eating is of course a relative term. What is over-eating in one man might be a very moderate and even unsatisfying performance in another. Look at GARGANTUA.

M. Benoist. Ah, my brave countryman!

Prof. Ray Lankester. The truth of Sir HENRY THOMPSON's shrewd remark may be proved in a moment by a visit to the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. For example, the modest meal of a quarter of a sheep which leaves a lion still unappeased would be groes over-eating in the marmoset, while what might be a frugal repast to the marmoset would doubtless prove a surfeit to the ladybird or the anopheles mosquito.

Sir Lewis Morris. As I remark in my *Songs without Music*:—

"Proud man secluded in his petty corner
May learn most useful lessons from the
fauna."

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If the Zoo were strictly vegetarian, as it ought to be, the lions would be super lions.

Prof. Ray Lankester. I ought to explain, however, that the animal analogy is decidedly to the credit of man as a moderate feeder. Thus my distinguished friend Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING has computed that, if we took our food in the shape as well as in the quantity of that consumed by the ordinary robin, a full-grown adult would be entitled to eat daily a sausage thirty-two feet long and three inches in diameter.

Mr. Fortnum. Exactly. What is the difference, my friend MASON said, between a Cambridge sausage—

Sir Lewis Morris. That reminds me of a little valentine in verse that I once sent to Sir THOMAS LIPTON. It began:

"Pray tell me, genial Squire of Osidge,
Why is there not an Oxford sausage?"

Sir Henry Thompson. My belief is that if one eats nothing between meals one may eat anything at them. It is the pernicious habit of indulging in snacks that saps the constitution.

Mr. John Trundley. I cannot agree. Growing boys should never go without food for more than three hours. Besides, I am told that the smart set eat meat five times a day—at breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and supper.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Society is full of supper men.

Sir Lewis Morris. Master TRUNDLEY is perfectly right. As I remark in my *Songs from the Underground*:

Yet his voracity was such
As I too must deplore;
For he could never eat so much
That he could eat no more.

At Chatsworth the other day—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If the aristocracy ceased to be carnivorous, it would no longer be available for obloquy. Personally I should be inclined to make vegetarianism a penal offence for Peers.

Dr. Farquharson. And, I should add, for raw recruits. It is, I believe, impossible for a vegetarian to over-eat himself, and our "Brodricks" must be over-not under-fed.

Mrs. Earle. I believe that on three helpings of *pot pourri* a British soldier could go anywhere and do anything.

Sir Henry Thompson. When I was writing *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, I lived almost entirely on seakale, widgeon, and raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If I had written *Charley's Aunt*, it would not be running still.

Mr. Fortnum. What is the difference, my friend MASON said, between—

Mr. John Trundley. Having to put in a compulsory appearance very shortly at the Peckham Board School, I must vacate the chair; which, I may remark as I go, is the first chair in a strange house that I have not broken.

Prof. Ray Lankester. Before the meeting dissolves, I should like to point out that this cry about over-eating is no new thing. In my researches into the palæolithic age I have discovered traces of appalling repletion in mastodons and mammoths, while the last of the dodos was obviously an insatiable devourer of light literature, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was ultimately choked by one of Mr. BENSON's novels.

HUMPTY DUMPTY AND HIS YOLK-FELLOWS AT DRURY LANE.

YEAR after year and still the wonder grows that ancient monarch Pantomime in his palace at Drury Lane should yet be king of our hearts for any number of nights and matinées at close of the old and opening of the New Year, and that the present pantomimic policy of his most liberal Conservative Ministry, as directed by the powerful Premier ARTHUR COLLINS (HICKORY WOOD having a seat in the prompter's box), should have already achieved such success as will render secure the dynasty of Pantomime for many years to come on the throne it has so long and, as a rule to which the exceptions are rare, so brilliantly adorned. *Vivat Rex Pantomimus!* may his limelight never be less, and may his Chancellor of the Exchequer secure a splendid surplus! The excellent monarch deserves it! ARTHURUS DRURIOLANUS deserves it: and the members of his stringed and winded band, including JACOBUS HANDANGLOVERIUS, the conductor thereof, deserve it. Certainly, judging from the enthusiastic applause dealt out with no unsparing hands to all the striking combinations and kaleidoscopic permutations of groupings, to the vivid solutions and resolutions (no connection with those "good" ones that are the subject of an unpleasant proverb) of colour, to the ever varying lights, and to all the graceful—and, it may be added, substantial—forms, whose movements are as dazzling to the eye as is the perpetual motion in a microscopic quintessence of radium, we are bound to conclude that the popularity of this present show is placed beyond the limits of speculation, and that *Humpty Dumpty* of 1903—1904 will be memorable as a magnificent and exquisitely-artistic display fairly beating the record, even in the brilliant annals of Drury Lane pantomime.

And for its fun and humour? Ah! that is another question. And the answer? We speak of a pantomime as we find the audience, and it is but strict justice to testify that all the youngsters, whose presence was strongly in evidence on the occasion of our visit, boys and girls ranging from early ten up to mature sixteen, were evidently enjoying it thoroughly, shrieking with laughter at the comicalities of DAN LENO (whose return is so welcome to all of us) as *Queen Spritely*, of HARRY RANDALL as *Little Mary* (the elders growl, *sotto voce*, "Hang Little MARY!"—the not particularly brilliant jape is played out *ad nauseam*), of that eminent all-round droll, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, as *King Sollumm*, and revelling in the drolleries of Mr. BASTOW as a sort of over-grown shockheaded *Peter* (his popularity being as great a puzzle to us as was the plot of the pantomime), while as *The Scarecrow* Mr. HUGH J. WARD plays a part which, although clearly originating with *Phroso* (once of the Hippodrome), is as originally humorous in conception as it is in this actor's dramatically comic rendering of it.

Methinks, or, as we are employing the editorial first person plural, *usthinks*, that if all political allusions were banished from Pantomime, our boys and girls would not miss the omission, while the middle-aged and elderly of both sexes would gladly welcome a neutral ground. Let "Fiscal Policy" yield to a "Frisk-all Policy" in Pantomime, and *au diable* with every JOE, except of course that chartered libertine the *Clown*, sustaining the ancient "JOEY" GRIMALDI tradition. "Honours" in political hits are fairly divided at Drury Lane, as if King CAMPBELL sings a song in praise of "Our JOE," on the other hand *The Scarecrow* puts a glass in his eye, and, with an orchid in his buttonhole and a big and little loaf in his hands, staggers about, stumbles, and collapses against the proscenium amid roars of laughter.

Miss MARIE GEORGE renews her conquests over all hearts as the sweet little *Blossom*, a part not so fascinating as her little Dutchess of last year. A handsome, dashing and



THINGS THAT ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Fitz-Jones (to Smithers, who has claimed first dance). "You're QUITE AN EARLY BIRD, MR. SMITHERS!"

Smithers (making big attempt at something gallant). "Ah, yes, BY JOVE, AND I'VE CAUGHT THE WORM TOO!"

sprightly pair of steppers are Miss LOUISE WILLIS and Miss RUTH LYTTON as *Humpty Dumpty* and *Rudolph* respectively. Miss ETHEL NEGRETTI ("and when we called 'NEGRETTI,' ZAMBRA came"—where was ZAMBRA?) was the embodiment, a very handsome embodiment too, of the *Spirit of Mirth*; and Madame GRIGOLATI as "*Undine*" flies about—(rather a novelty this for *Undine*, except that she may be considered as a flying-fish fairy who can also swim like the little duck she is) and, adopting a new submarine line of action with striking-out effect, leads a shoal of glittering GRIGOLATIS, all as graceful and wonderful as ever.

The scenes by our artistic friends BRUCE SMITH, McCLEERY, two CANEYS, Messrs. JOHNSTONE and HARFORD and HENRY EMDEN, are as perfect as their collective and individual talent can make them.

The tableaux are magnificent: the *jeu de scène* throughout, admirably ordered by Field-Marshal MOORE; and ARTY COLLINS is to be artily congratulated on the highly efficient work done for the pantomime by his chief costume-house officer COMELLI.

We noticed that in the bill a "Harlequinade" was announced, but as the *Clown*, "Whimsical WALKER," CHARLES ROSS as *Pantaloon*, TOM CUSDEN for *Harlequin* and ROSE ROWE for *Columbine*, could not have got their chance until quite 11.30, we hereby present the joyous quartette with our compliments the most distinguished, and regret that we, being early risers (like the GRIGOLATIS), were unable to stay and see them either at "The Stores" or on "The Housetops," which two scenes constitute the harlequinade. Our loss. "So long!" Alas, poor JOEY!

M. LEBAUDY's new paper, *Le Sahara*, is not to be without rivals if we are to believe a rumour of the imminent issue of the *Timbuctootler* and the *Weekly Cassowary*.



A BLANK-BLANK-DAY!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It was with fear and trembling my Baronite opened a new book by the author of *Timothy's Quest*. The most dangerous enemies of a successful writer are those of his own household. Once a hit has been made, the public, having fresh dishes set before them by the same author, ever hark back to their first love, murmuring that the hand has lost its cunning. That is a charge that will not lie against Mistress KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN in respect of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (GAY AND BIRD). KATE DOUGLAS does not owe her inspirations to WORDSWORTH. But in her delineation of *Rebecca* she realises the poet's idea:

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Child or girl, *Rebecca* is just delightful. Perhaps the girlhood scenes are more attractive as giving fuller opportunity for her freshness. The scene is set in one of those ancient, remote American villages, where, doubtless, KATE DOUGLAS herself once lived. She peoples its street, its environing wood, its homes and its schoolhouse with quaint but human people. All are good. *Aunt Mirandy*, with her sharp-tongued and acid manner; simple *Aunt Jane*, with memories of her lost love; hopeless, harassed *Mrs. Simpson*, with her seven children and food enough for three; pere *Simpson* with his penchant for swapping portable articles that don't belong to him, a habit that leads to absences from home varying from two to six months according to the view the magistrate takes of the circumstances; and, above all, *Mr. Cobb*, driver of the stage-coach from Maplewood to Riverboro. The opening chapter, relating the conversation between *Mr. Cobb* and *Rebecca*, as he conveys her in his cart to *Aunt Mirandy's*, is, in its subtle humour and simple pathos, equal to any parallel passage in DICKENS. *Rebecca* is thoroughly refreshing.

Any book by the author of *Bootle's Baby* commands the Baron's instant attention, and, such being the case, it is with pleasure he is able to announce that *Sly Boots*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" (JOHN LONG), contains some of the best short stories, and at all events one of the most laughable, (yclept "Sly Boots," which gives its title to the volume,) that

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY
FROM THE TUBE.

LAST in the lift, first out.

The worst draught comes just before the train.

It's a wise traveller that knows at which end is the "Way Out."

He who keeps his ticket is lost.

A train at hand is worth twenty at Shepherd's Bush.

OPENING AN OLD WOUND.—It was hoped that the fierce conflicts which in 1900 raged around the question of the actual birthday of the New Century had been finally closed. It has been left, however, for the *Devon Evening Express* to fling a fresh apple of discord into our midst. "Few centuries," says that pessimistic organ, "have had a more ominous commencement than 1904."

Mrs. ST-NN-ED (thus the Baron lets out three-fourths of the author's secret) has ever given to her admiring public.

On a memorable occasion *Mr. Weller* observed a tea-drinking young 'ooman "a-swellin' wisely before his very eyes." My Baronite notes the same phenomenon occurring in *Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK). This notwithstanding that there have been sliced off the original corporate body the useful Tables that formerly occupied the first part of the volume. They are issued as a separate book, called *Who's Who Year Book*. The older volume is now confined to cataloguing the names and addresses of the principal persons in the kingdom, with brief biographical notes. The volume runs to seventeen hundred closely-printed pages. At the moderate computation of eight a page, this gives particulars concerning 13,600 people—about as wide a circle of acquaintance as man desires, or woman either. The indispensability of *Who's Who*, long established, will be proportionately widened by this extended edition.

Part VI. of that excellent collection entitled *Great Masters* (published by HEINEMANN in London, and HACHETTE in Paris) is now before the public, and another number is promised for the 21st of this month. Herein are four excellent reproductions of works by VAN DYCK, HALS, GAINSBOROUGH and WATTEAU. To each picture there is a well-written preface, comprehensively instructive, by SIR MARTIN CONWAY. No garnerer of reprints should fail to add these specimens to his portfolio. They all deserve hanging (which scarcely sounds complimentary), and the Baron notes that a special kind of frame is now advertised as fitting the series.



A HOPELESS NEGATIVE.—In view of the POPE's steady refusal to grant a sitting to any more photographers, his Holiness has come to be regarded by this profession as a second PLO NO-NO.